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# HERE COMES KRISTIE



EMMA L. BROCK

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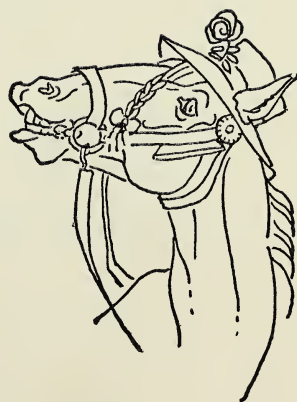


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# HERE COMES KRISTIE



# *Emma L. Brock*

HAS WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

*One Little Indian Boy*

*The Runaway Sardine      To Market! To Market!*

*The Hen That Kept House*

*The Greedy Goat      Little Fat Gretchen*

*The Pig with a Front Porch*

*Till Potatoes Grow on Trees*

*A Present for Auntie and Too Fast for John*

*Heedless Susan      Skipping Island*

*Then Came Adventure*

*The Topsy-Turvy Family*

*Mr. Wren's House      The Umbrella Man*

*Uncle Bennie Goes Visiting*

*The Birds' Christmas Tree*

*A Pet for Barbie      Surprise Balloon*

*Little Duchess: Anne of Brittany*

*Kristie and the Colt*

*Three Ring Circus      Too Many Turtles*

*Kristie's Buttercup      Kristie Goes to the Fair*

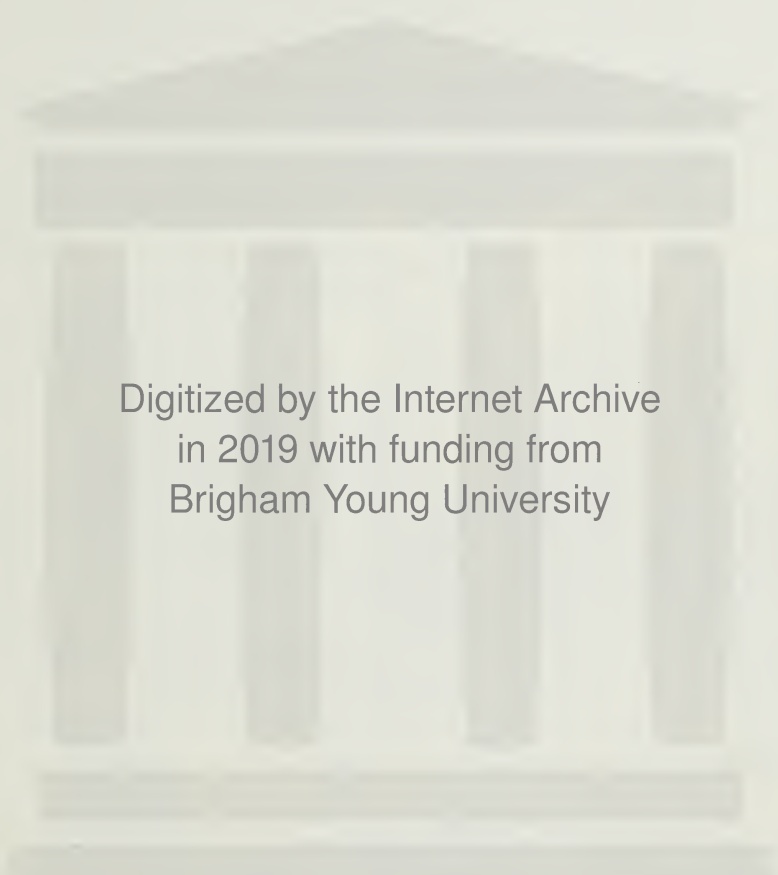
*Ballet for Mary      Plug-Horse Derby*

*Come On-Along, Fish*

*Patty on Horseback*

*These are BORZOI BOOKS for Young People*  
*published by ALFRED A. KNOPF*





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Juvenile  
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*Here Comes*  
KRISTIE

*written and illustrated by*

EMMA L. BROCK



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THIS IS A BORZOI BOOK,  
PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.

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**HERE COMES KRISTIE**





THEY WANTED



A HORSE



Elmer and Einer wanted a horse. They wanted a horse more than anything else in the world. They wanted it more than all-day suckers, or ice cream cones, or firecrackers for the Fourth of July. They wanted it more than an afternoon at the circus with peanuts and ice-cold pop thrown in. That is how much they wanted a horse.

“If we just had a horse,” said Elmer.

## THEY WANTED A HORSE

“We could ride it all around the farm and over to the lake when we go in swimming,” said Einer.

“Let’s buy a horse,” they said together. “Let’s save all our money and buy a horse. Let’s do that!”

They both wanted that horse more than anything else in the world. So all spring and summer they saved their money. When their mother gave Elmer a nickel for weeding the lettuce patch, he put it carefully away in the toe of an old sock and hid it under the mattress of the bed where he and Einer slept. When their father gave Einer five cents for shelling corn for the chickens, Einer put that in the old sock too and hid the sock under the mattress again.

And when the hired man gave them a dime for watching the horses while he took a nap under the apple tree, they carried the dime

## THEY WANTED A HORSE

home and tucked it into the secret hiding place. They saved and saved and saved. That is how much Elmer and Einer wanted a horse.

Every Saturday they would take the old sock from under the mattress and shake it to see how much it jingled. And every Saturday the jingling grew louder. At first the jingling had been so very small that it seemed that the horse they would buy could be no bigger than a kitten. But now the noise was loud and cheerful.

“That sounds like a fine big horse—almost,” said Elmer.

“Yes,” said Einer, “in a little while it will be big enough for us to buy.”

Every week the sock grew fuller just as they had hoped. Elmer sold a dozen eggs that his hen had laid. Einer picked some wild blackberries and sold them to a neighbor. Their father gave them the money they might have

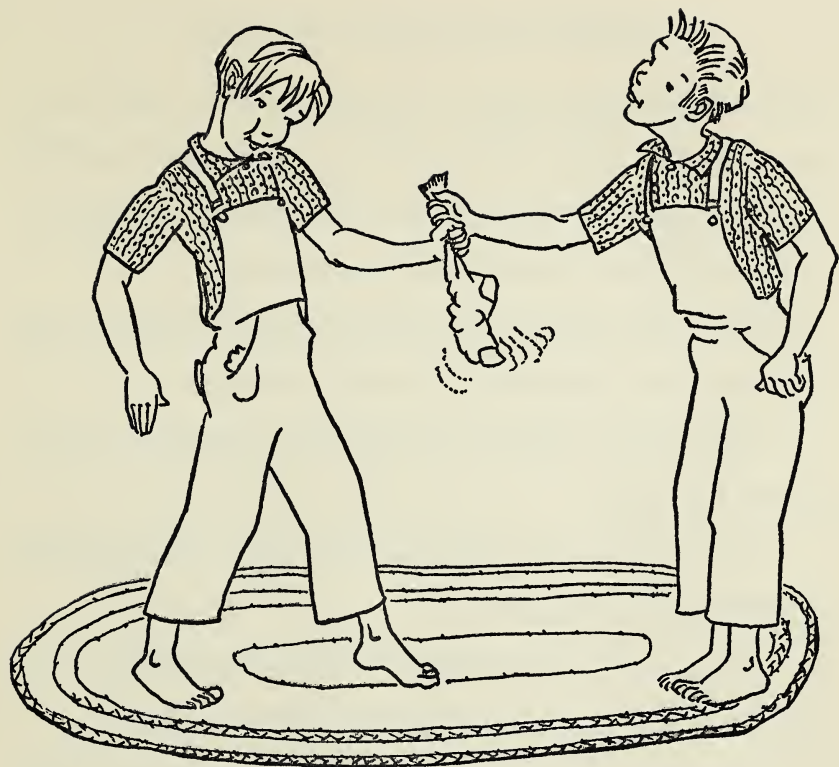
## THEY WANTED A HORSE

spent in the movie theater in Town, on Saturday nights. The jingling grew louder and louder.

Uncle Olaf Erickson visited them from the city and he gave them each a dollar bill. He wanted them to have that horse too, just as much as Elmer and Einer did. The next Saturday night when the family went to Town, they asked the drugstore man to change the bills into fifty-cent pieces. The heavy silver pieces would make a fine noise in the sock.

And they did make a fine noise. They made a loud ringing in the old sock. They made so loud a ringing and jingling and jangling that Elmer looked at Einer and grinned. And Einer looked at Elmer and grinned back.

“That sounds big enough for a horse to me,” said Elmer as he shook the sock up and down.



“It sounds big enough for a horse to me too,” said Einer as he shook the sock from side to side.

“It sounds like a fine big horse—” they said together, “big enough for two of us.”

They grinned at each other again as they



## THEY WANTED A HORSE

hid the old sock under the mattress. They were grinning as they climbed into bed and pulled the sheet up to their chins. And they were grinning still after they were fast asleep.

The next morning at breakfast Elmer and Einer showed the sock to their father.

“How big a horse would this money buy?” asked Elmer.

“It sounds like a big horse to us,” said Einer jingling the sock.

Their father took the sock and shook it.

“Ya, it sounds loud and yingly,” he said.

“It will be a good big horse,” said their mother.

“Oh, ya,” said the hired man.

“How much money is it yust?” asked their father.

“Oh, we never counted it,” said Elmer as he untied the string.

## THEY WANTED A HORSE

“But we can count it now,” said Einer as he poured the money out on the tablecloth.

Elmer and Einer counted the money. Their father and mother helped and the hired man helped too. They all murmured: “Sixty, twenty, five, four, one,” and counted it up on their fingers. It took a long time because they kept eating a little oatmeal or drinking a little coffee or milk in between.

At last they found the answer. It was fourteen dollars and sixty-two cents.

“Well, yumping yiminy!” said their father. “That is plenty of money!”

Elmer and Einer were grinning so widely that there was hardly room for their cheeks between the corners of their mouths and their ears.

“Is it enough for a horse?” they asked.

“Some kind of horse,” said their father.

## THEY WANTED A HORSE

“Here, we’ll make it fifteen dollars even.”

“Ya,” said the hired man. “Here’s the three pennies.”

“And here is a dime,” said their mother.

“And here is a quarter,” said their father.  
“Now it is fifteen dollars even.”

“Oh, thanks,” said Elmer and Einer together. “Will that buy a real horse?” they asked.

“Oh, ya,” said their father. “A sort of real horse.”

“But will it buy a real, real horse?” asked Elmer. “A real horse with a head on the end of its neck?”

“And a leg on each corner of it, so it will go?” asked Einer.

“Oh, ya,” said their father, “and a tail too maybe.”

“Oh, ya,” said the hired man.

JULY

	1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22
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## THEY WANTED A HORSE

“But it won’t be a race horse, you understand,” said their father.

“But a horse!” said Elmer and Einer.

“Oh, ya,” said their father. “On Saturday night when we go to Town, we’ll shop around for one yust.”

Elmer and Einer gathered up the jingling, chinking money and tucked it back into the old sock. They were grinning so widely that their cheeks stuck out like round red apples under their straw-colored hair. They put the sock under the mattress again and grinned and grinned and grinned.

“Now at last we have money enough,” they said. “Now at last we can buy a horse!”

Every night that week they dreamed about the new horse. Sometimes Elmer rode on top of Einer and cried: “Gid-ap, gid-ap!” And sometimes Einer sat on top of Elmer and

## THEY WANTED A HORSE

dreamed he was riding in a circus. Every morning they jingled the sockful of money and grinned.

“At last,” they said to each other, “at last we have money enough to buy a real horse to ride everywhere we please. All around the farm and to the lake to go swimming. We’ll buy him next Saturday night.”

And no one ever grinned wider grins than Elmer and Einer grinned at each other.



# THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE



It was Saturday and as soon as supper was over Elmer and Einer were going into Town with their father and mother. They had wet their hair and brushed it hard to try to make it lie flat. And they had put on their best checkered shirts and their brand new overalls. They were all ready to go.

“Now we’ll buy our horse,” said Elmer and Einer together.

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

Whether Elmer was grinning more than Einer, or Einer more than Elmer, no one could tell.

Right after supper, as soon as the dishes were washed, their mother took off her apron and put on her black hat with the red rose on it. Their father drove the little old green car out of the barn and polished the windshield. The hired man climbed into the back seat and lit his pipe.

Elmer and Einer climbed in beside him with the sockful of money held tightly between them. When they were all in the car, the father of Elmer and Einer (his name was Mr. Iverson) stepped on the starter, threw out the clutch, shifted into gear, put his foot on the gas and away they went toward Town.

Elmer and Einer were watching the money bag so closely that they did not see the corn-

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

fields they were passing, nor the Indian mound, nor the banks of the Father of Waters. They did not see a thing but the money bag. They kept their eyes fast on the sockful of money to be sure that it did not skip out.

At last they came to Main Street and found a place to park away down at the end. All the farmers from all the farms all around the town had come in for Saturday night.

“One of them should have a horse to sell,” said Elmer.

“One of them will have a horse to sell,” said Einer. “I’m sure of that.”

Their mother went into the ten-cent store to buy some things for the kitchen and the hired man went into the post office to visit with his friends. Elmer and Einer and their father walked along Main Street looking for some one with a horse to sell.

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

“There’s Carl Yonson. He might know of some one,” said their father.

But Carl Johnson shook his head from side to side and said: No he yust did not know of a horse for sale in all Dakotah County.

The farmers were standing in groups talking about rain and corn and things. Nobody was talking about horses.

“There’s Yon Yonson,” said Mr. Iverson. “He might have one.”

But, no, John Johnson did not have a horse for sale either. And Sven Swenson did not know of any either. Nor did Ole Olson. And Ole Gustavson was sure that there was not a horse for sale anywhere around.

The grins on the faces of Elmer and Einer were growing narrower and narrower. They had shrunk almost to nothing. Nobody knew of a horse for sale and they were almost at the

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

other end of Main Street. What could they do?

"There is Nels Erickson. He sells horses sometimes," said their father. "Have you a horse for sale?" he asked.

"Why, ya," said Nels. "Sure I have. A fine horse for the plow."

Elmer and Einer were smiling again, but their father looked doubtful.

"How much perhaps?" he asked.

"Oh, a hundred and fifty perhaps," said Nels, rubbing the side of his chin. "It's a good horse, but I'm getting a tractor and don't need it any more."

Elmer and Einer had stopped grinning. They had stopped grinning so hard that their mouth corners jerked right down to their chins.

"Ya, but that's too good a horse for us," said their father. "You yust wait," he said to Elmer



## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

and Einer. "There are plenty of people to ask yet."

They walked on down Main Street to the last corner where the drugstore was. Leaning up against the doorpost of the drugstore was Old Axel Peterson.

"Hello," he called to Elmer and Einer and their father. "How you was yust?"

"Oh, we are fine," said Mr. Iverson. "Yust a little tired looking for a horse."

"Want to buy a horse?" asked Axel.

"Well, a sort of horse," said Mr. Iverson. "You know, not much of a horse. A good safe horse."

"The horse is for us," said Elmer.

"We have all this money to buy it with," said Einer, shaking the sock. "It's fifteen dollars even."

"Oh, ya?" said Axel Peterson. "Now I have

# DRUGS AND SODA





## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

a horse I could sell you, a sort of horse. Not a race horse, you understand."

"But a real horse," asked Elmer, "with a head on the end of its neck?"

"And a leg on each corner of it?" asked Einer.

"Ya, so she has," said Axel. "And a tail too."

"We have all this money," said Elmer, shaking the sock.

"It's fifteen dollars even," said Einer. "We saved it all for a horse."

Old Axel squinted one eye and then he squinted the other.

"Well," he said.

Elmer and Einer were staring at him so hard that their eyes were almost popping out of their heads.

"Well," said Axel. "That's a bargain. You can have my old horse yust. For fifteen dollars

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

you can have her. She's an old horse, remember. No race horse. A safe old horse, too old to work, but good enough for two little boys."

"Oh," grinned Elmer and Einer together. "Where is she? Here's the money."

"Wait a minute. Wait yust till you see her. Maybe she won't do."

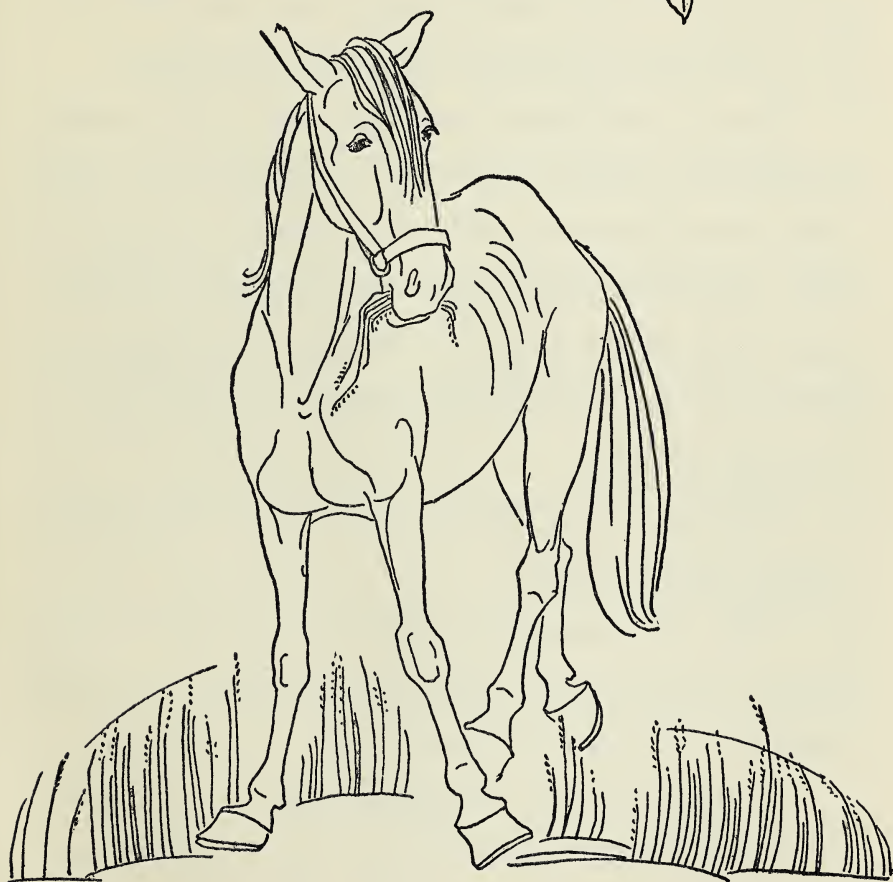
"Oh, she'll do," said Elmer.

"Yes, she'll do," said Einer. "We would like to buy her tonight, if you don't mind."

So as soon as their mother had finished her shopping, she and Elmer and Einer and their father and the hired man drove out to Axel Peterson's farm. He led the way in his black flivver.

When they reached the farm, Axel pulled the old horse from the barn.

"Yust an old horse as you can plainly see," said Axel.





## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

"Mmmm," said Mr. Iverson. "A sort of horse but she looks mild."

"Oh, ya, she's mild," said Axel. "She's plenty mild. She could never run away."

"No, she couldn't," said Mr. Iverson.

Elmer and Einer were grinning. She was a wonderful horse! She was a white horse. She had a head on the end of her neck, though the neck was rather thin. She had a leg at each corner, though the legs were rather crooked and bones stuck out here and there. And she had a long white tail.

"Here's the money," said Elmer and Einer. "Let's start home."

"Now if that horse doesn't please, let me know," said Axel. "She's an old horse, but she ought to do for two little boys for a pet."

"Oh, she'll do!" cried Elmer.

"She'll do!" cried Einer. "Let's go home."

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

So Old Axel tied the halter to the back of Mr. Iverson's little old green car.

"Her name is Kristie," said Axel. "Good Old Kristie, I always call her."

Slowly the green car started along the road. Slowly, pulling back against the rope, Good Old Kristie followed after. Elmer and Einer leaned over the back of the seat to be sure that nothing happened to her. Nothing did. After a slow journey, they arrived at their own farm.

Elmer and Einer untied Kristie from the car and led her carefully into a stall in the barn. They spread down some straw for a bed and filled the manger with hay. They stroked her sides that were a little bumpy with ribs and grinned and grinned and grinned. They both wanted to sit up all night with Kristie, but their mother said: "No."

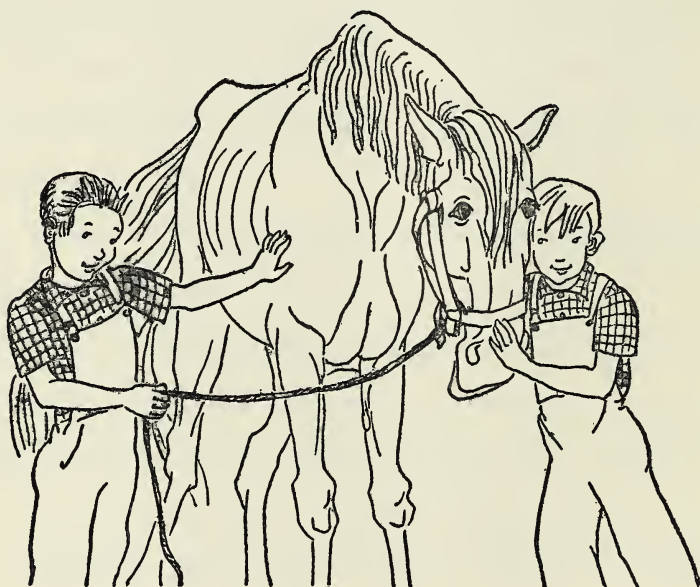
"Half a night each then," said Elmer.

## THE HORSE WAS KRISTIE

“Yes,” said Einer. “We must take care of her.”

“No,” said their father, “Kristie can very well take care of herself.”

Elmer and Einer gave her a last pat and went grinning to bed. They had their new horse at last! She was all their very own. They hoped that the night would not be too long.



GID-AP

GID-AP



Early in the morning when the sky began to show light in the spot where the sun would soon rise, up got Elmer and Einer. They put on their shirts and their overalls. They did not stop to comb their hair. They crept downstairs.

They unlocked the kitchen door and went across to the barn. They unfastened the padlock on the barn door and went in. It was very dark, but they knew the way to the stall of their

new horse Kristie. They knew the way to the stall of the horse they had bought from Old Axel last evening. Kristie whinnied when they came in.

“See, she knows us,” said Elmer.

“Of course, she does,” said Einer. “She belongs to us, doesn’t she?”

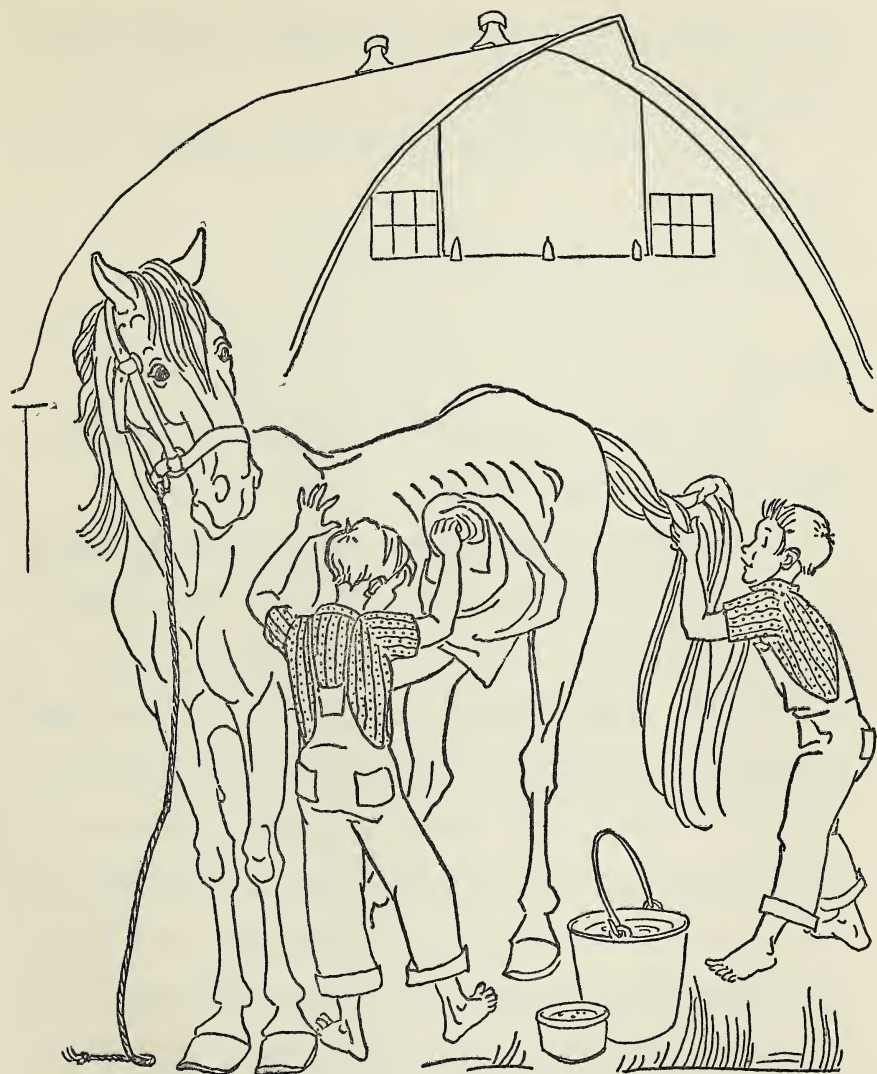
They led Good Old Kristie out into the dim morning light. How white she would look after she was cleaned up a bit. They brushed some straw from her sides.

“I’ll get a rag and some soap,” said Elmer.

“And I’ll get a pail of water,” said Einer.

They tied Kristie to the fence and they washed and scrubbed until she was clean. They braided her tail to make it wave and they braided her bangs to keep them out of her eyes. Kristie was good and did not say a word.

Elmer and Einer were working so hard that





they forgot all about breakfast until their mother called them.

“Well, how is the good old horse?” asked their father.

“Oh, fine!” said Elmer.

“Look at her shining there in the sun,” said Einer.

They ate their whole breakfast in the time they should have used to eat half of it.

“Now we are going for a ride,” said Elmer.

“We’re going down to the lake for a swim,” said Einer.

Elmer and Einer and their father and mother went out and stood around Good Old Kristie. The hired man went out too and sat on the fence. Elmer brought a box from the barn and put it down beside Kristie. He and Einer stood on the box and their father helped them climb up on Kristie’s back. Elmer sat in front

and held the halter rope in his hands. Einer sat behind and held fast to Elmer's overall straps. Their grins were wider than ever before.

"Good-by, here we go," cried Elmer.

"Look out or we'll run over you," cried Einer.

"Gid-ap, Kristie, gid-ap," they called.

But Kristie did not move.

"Gid-ap!" they called, and swung their bare heels against her sides. "Gid-ap!" they called.

But Kristie did not move. She tossed her head and stood right where she was.

Their father pulled on the halter and said: "Come on, old girl."

Their mother patted her on the back and said: "Come along, Kristie."

The hired man sat on the fence and said: "Gid-ap there, Kristie. Don't be lazy."

But Good Old Kristie did not move an inch.

Elmer's and Einer's grins grew very small.

"I'll get some hay," said their father.

He brought a handful of hay and held it in front of Kristie.

"Come, girl, come on," he said.

"Kristie stretched her long thin neck and snatched the hay. She chewed it carefully and swallowed it, but she did not move.

"I'll give her some grass," said the hired man.

He pulled some grass from around the fence post and held it out to Kristie. She took a step to the side and ate the grass. Then she stood switching her tail this way and that and doing nothing else.

Elmer's and Einer's mouths were so small that they were almost the size of nothing.





“I’ll fetch some sugar,” said their mother.  
“That will work.”

She ran into the kitchen and came puffing back with two lumps of sugar in her hand.

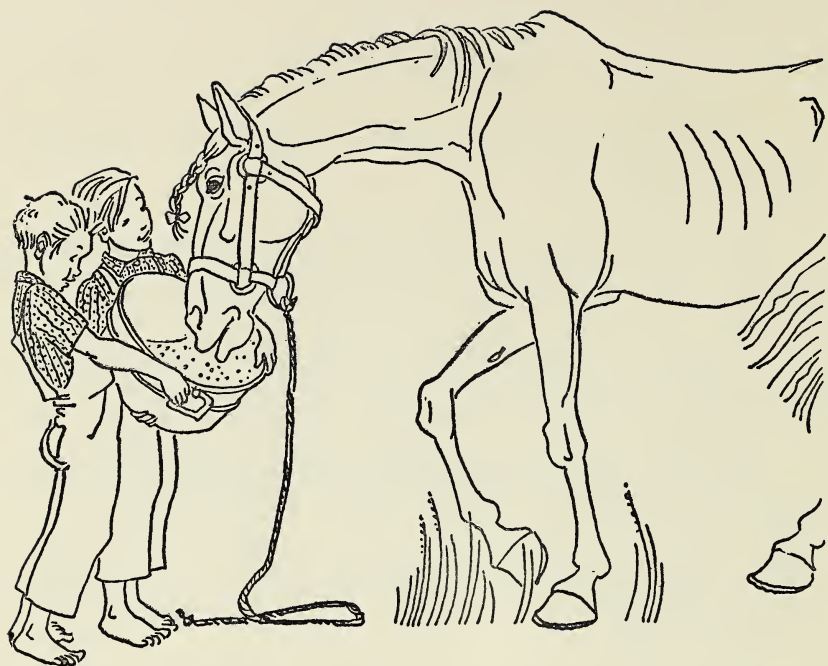
“Come, Good Old Kristie,” she called, standing just out of Kristie’s reach. “Come on.”

Kristie took a step forward and gobbled up the sugar, both pieces of it. Then she stood still. She would not move one of her four crooked legs.

Elmer’s and Einer’s mouths were drooping down to their chins. What could they do? Their new horse would not go!

“No use,” said their father. “We’ll yust have to ask Axel Peterson what is the matter when we go to Town next Saturday night. She was his horse for a long time before we bought her from him. He will know what is the matter.”





Elmer and Einer did not see how they could wait until Saturday night. Six days were so long. But each day they fed Good Old Kristie oats and hay. They took her out so that she could sun herself every morning and they gave her a clean bed of straw every night. Kristie was very fond of Elmer and Einer. She whinnied when they came into the barn and she hunted for lumps

of sugar in their pockets. But she would not go!

At last Saturday night came. Elmer and Einer were all dressed up in their best checkered shirts and new overalls. As soon as the supper dishes were washed, their mother took off her apron and put on her black hat. Their father brought out the old green car and polished the windshield. The hired man climbed into the back seat and lit his pipe. Elmer and Einer said good-by to Good Old Kristie and climbed in beside him. They started on their way.

Elmer and Einer were in a great hurry to reach Main Street and their father drove as fast as he could. At last they stopped at the corner where the drugstore was. Old Axel Peterson was leaning against the doorpost.

"Hello, there," he called to them. "How is Good Old Kristie?"

"She's fine," said Elmer.

"She's all washed and clean," said Einer.

"But she won't go," they said together.

"She won't go yust?" said Axel Peterson, his eyes big with surprise. "She won't go?"

"No," said Elmer and Einer.

"No," said their father. "She's well enough, but she won't go yust."

"Well," said Axel, squinting one eye. "Well, yust think of that," he said, squinting the other.

"What can we do with her?" asked Elmer and Einer.

"You give her plenty of food and a good bed?" asked Axel.

"Oh, yes," said Elmer.

"And sugar lumps too," said Einer.

"And she won't go yust?" said Axel. "Did you by any chance leave off her hat?"

“Her hat?” said Elmer.

“Her HAT?” said Einer.

“But she hasn’t any hat,” said their father.

“There! Did I forget to give you her hat? She always wears it. Winter and summer she wears it. She won’t go without it. Of course she won’t go if she isn’t wearing her hat!”

“Wearing her hat?” cried Elmer.

“Her hat?” cried Einer. “Then let’s get her hat right away. We want to go swimming.”

So they went home with Axel Peterson. They followed along after his little black flivver. When they reached his farm, he went into the barn and brought out an old straw hat. There were two holes in it, one on each side, for ears to go through. It was plain to be seen that it was a horse’s hat.

“Now she’ll go. You watch,” said Axel Peterson. “Yust put on her hat and Good Old

## GID-AP GID-AP

Kristie will go as fast as you please.”

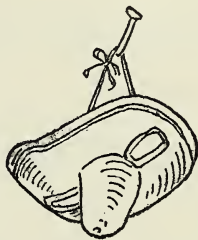
“Oh, thank you,” said Elmer and Einer.

They took the old straw hat and held it carefully on their knees. They were grinning and grinning all the way home.

“Now she’ll go,” they said to each other.

As soon as they reached home, they tiptoed into the barn and hung the hat on a nail by the door. They were very still so that they would not wake Good Old Kristie.

“Now she’ll go,” they grinned as they climbed into bed. “Tomorrow we’ll ride to the lake for a swim.”



# RIDING

## KRISTIE



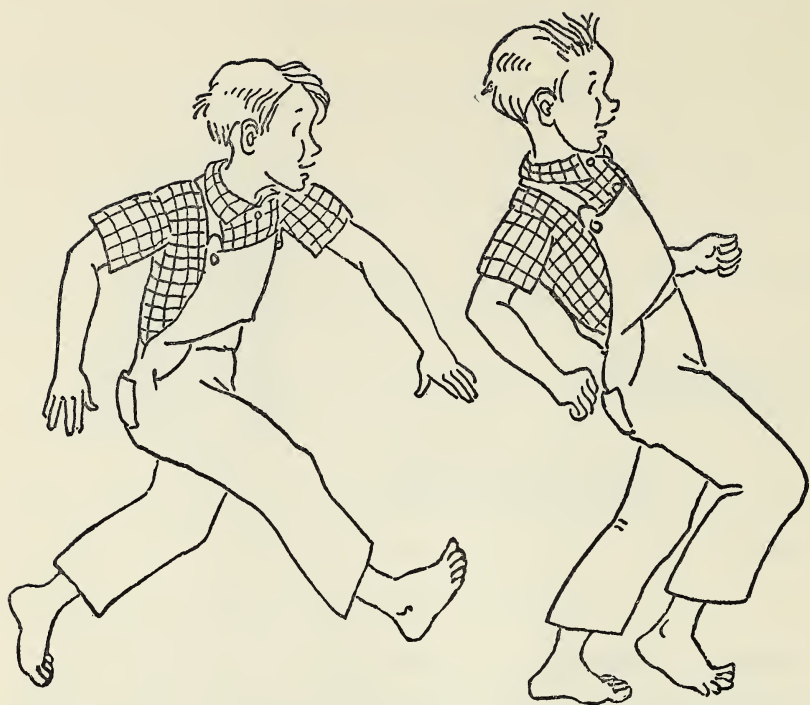
Early in the morning before breakfast Elmer and Einer dressed quickly and went out to the barn. As they walked through the doorway, they heard Kristie whinnying.

“She is very fond of us,” said Elmer.

“But just wait until she sees her old hat that Axel Peterson gave us last night,” said Einer.

“Then she WILL be happy,” said Elmer.





“Yes,” said Einer. “and she’ll go like anything when she has her old hat to wear. Old Axel Peterson said so and he had her for so many years that he must know.”

Elmer took the hat down from the nail on which he had hung it the night before. Then he and Einer went into Kristie’s stall. Elmer

## RIDING KRISTIE

held the hat and Einer held Kristie. Elmer put the hat down on her head and Einer pulled her ears through the holes. Einer tied the strings under her chin. Kristie whinnied loudly and tossed her head.

“Isn’t she beautiful!” said Elmer.

“Now she’ll go,” said Einer. “Let’s hurry and eat breakfast.”

They ate their whole breakfast in the time they should have taken to eat half of it.

“Now we’re going for a ride,” said Elmer.

“Now that she has her old hat again, she will go and we are riding her to the lake to go swimming.”

Elmer and Einer and their father and mother went out and stood around Good Old Kristie. Their mother gave her three lumps of sugar. The hired man came too and sat on the fence.

## RIDING KRISTIE

Old Kristie was looking very gay and ready to step off at any moment. Her ears stood straight up through the holes in her hat. Her two eyes looked out brightly from under the brim. Her braided bangs hung down over her nose.

“Now she’ll go,” said Elmer and Einer together.

Elmer brought a box from the barn and put it down beside her. He and Einer stood on the box and their father boosted them up on Kristie’s back. Elmer sat in front and held the halter rope in his hands. Einer sat behind and held fast to Elmer’s overall straps. Their grins were wider than ever before.

“Look out,” they cried. “Here we go!”

Kristie stepped across the barnyard. She almost pranced. Elmer and Einer bounced up and down on her back. Their feet flopped

## RIDING KRISTIE

against her ribs. Kristie tripped as far as the gate and then she stopped.

“Gid-ap!” called Elmer and Einer, slapping their bare heels against her sides.

But Kristie stood there and quivered from one end to the other. She looked over her shoulder and quivered again.

“Well, gid-ap,” called Elmer and Einer.

“Gid-ap,” called their father and their mother and the hired man.

“You have your hat on, old girl,” called Elmer.

“We want to go swimming,” said Einer.

They bounced up and down on her back. Kristie shook all over. Her crooked legs shook under her and her long neck shook. Even her straw hat shook about her ears.

“What can be the matter now?” said Mr. Iverson as he petted Kristie’s nose.

## RIDING KRISTIE

“She has plenty of food,” said Elmer.

“And a good bed,” said Einer.

“And her sugar,” said their mother.

“And she’s wearing her hat,” called the hired man from the fence rail.

Kristie bobbed up and down so that Elmer and Einer could hardly stay on her back. Then she turned and started to run. She galloped across the barnyard at full speed. She stopped suddenly and spread apart her front feet on their two crooked legs. She ducked her head on its long thin neck, way down.

Elmer and Einer yelled loudly and, without stopping a minute, shot over head and over her straw hat to the ground. Kristie sneezed and tossed her head. She switched her tail back and forth. Elmer picked himself up rubbing his back. Einer picked himself up and rubbed two knees and an elbow.









## RIDING KRISTIE

“Well, I never,” said their father and mother and the hired man. “Well, I never!”

Elmer went up to Kristie and straightened her hat. Einer tied the strings more tightly under her chin. Their mother brought her three more lumps of sugar. While Kristie was munching the sugar, Mr. Iverson boosted Elmer up on her back.

“Try it again, yust one of you,” he said. “Maybe she doesn’t like two.”

Kristie finished her sugar lumps carefully. Elmer flopped the halter rope and patted her sides gently with his bare feet.

“Gid-ap, please, Kristie,” he said politely.

Kristie did not look happy. She shook herself as hard as she could. Then she leaped forward, stopped suddenly and leaned back on her four crooked legs. In one second Elmer flew from her back and over her head to the ground.

## RIDING KRISTIE

Kristie snorted and shook her head.

"Let me try," said Einer. "Maybe she'll like me better."

His father boosted Einer up on Kristie's back. Einer held perfectly still.

"Gid-ap, please kindly," he said softly.

Kristie was looking crosser than ever. She kicked up her crooked hind legs, bent down her long thin neck and sent Einer flying into the watering trough.

"Well, I never," said Mr. and Mrs. Iverson and the hired man.

"She goes all right," said Elmer.

"Yes, at least, she goes," said Einer, as he wiped the water from his eyes.

"What can be the matter with her?" said their father. "We'll yust have to wait till we go to Town next Saturday night and ask Axel



Peterson. She was his horse for a great many years before we bought her from him. He'll know what to do."

Elmer and Einer did not know how they could wait until Saturday. Six days were so long. But each day they fed Old Kristie oats

## RIDING KRISTIE

and hay. They took her out in the sun every morning. They gave her a good bed of straw every night. Kristie grew fonder and fonder of them. She would rest her head on their shoulders and sigh.

At last Saturday night came. Right after supper the whole family and the hired man climbed into the little old green car and drove to Town. At the corner drugstore on Main Street they found Old Axel Peterson.

“Hello,” he called to Elmer and Einer.  
“Well, how does she go now?”

“Oh, fine,” said Elmer.

“So fast,” said Einer.

“But she won’t let us stay on her back!” they said together.

“She’s plenty cross,” said Mr. Iverson.

“You didn’t try to ride her?” asked Axel Peterson. “Of course she’s cross then. She’s not

## RIDING KRISTIE

a riding horse yust. She's a carriage horse only. Did I forget to tell you that?"

"You can't RIDE her?" asked Elmer and Einer.

"Why, no," said Axel. "Of course she won't let you ride her. She'll never let you RIDE her. You hitch her to a carriage, any kind of carriage, and she'll go. Good Old Kristie."

"But we haven't any carriage," said Elmer and Einer, looking very sad indeed. "We haven't any carriage at all."

"Well, I have an old buggy and some harness and I'll give them to you. The buggy's not a golden coach, you know. But I guess it'll do. Hitch her to that and watch her go."

So they went home with Axel Peterson. He fastened the old buggy to the back of their little green car. They pulled it home to their farm and left it standing in the barnyard.



RIDING KRISTIE

"Now she'll go," said Elmer.

"Yes, now she'll go," said Einer. "Tomorrow we'll drive to the lake and swim."

They grinned and grinned and grinned as they climbed into bed.

## ROUNDABOUT



The sun had no more than popped above the horizon when Elmer and Einer hopped out of bed and went down to look at the buggy that Old Axel had given them the night before. The buggy was old and broken. But it had a seat in the front and four round wheels. Elmer and Einer pushed it back and forth and found that it would roll easily.

“Now watch Kristie go,” said Elmer.

## ROUNDAABOUT

“When she’s hitched to this buggy, you’ll see her go,” said Einer.

As soon as breakfast was over, Elmer and Einer put on Kristie’s hat and led her out of the barn. Mr. Iverson came too and looked over the harness. The hired man came and sat on the fence.

Elmer and Einer helped their father put the harness on Kristie. In a place or two where the leather straps were gone, they tied in pieces of rope. Elmer cut a long willow branch and put it into the whip socket, because they did not have a real whip.

“There, that is ready,” said Mr. Iverson. “Now we’ll back her in between the shafts of the buggy.”

“Back up, Kristie,” called Elmer and Einer.

“Back up,” called the hired man.

But Kristie would not back.

## ROUNDAABOUT

“We must pull the buggy up to her,” said Mr. Iverson.

He pulled on one side and Elmer and Einer pulled on the other. Just as the buggy was about to reach Kristie, she stepped out of the way. They tried three times and at last Kristie was safely fastened to the buggy.

“Now we’ll go,” said Elmer and Einer.

They climbed up on the seat and Elmer took the reins in both hands. Mr. Iverson stood by the farmyard gate, holding it open. Mrs. Iverson brought Kristie four lumps of sugar.

“Here we go,” cried Elmer, grinning all across his face.

“Watch us go,” said Einer. “Look out!”

Kristie started for the gate, but she was walking sideways. She was looking over her right shoulder and walking sideways. The buggy followed after her.

## ROUNDAABOUT

"Pull on the left rein," called the hired man from the fence rail.

Elmer pulled on the left rein and Einer helped him. But Kristie kept looking over her right shoulder. She looked over her right shoulder no matter what Elmer and Einer did. She walked around the barnyard in circles and the buggy followed after her.

The grins were all gone from the faces of Elmer and Einer.

"We'll never get anywhere this way," said Elmer.

"We'll never go swimming unless we do it in the watering trough," said Einer.

Elmer's and Einer's mouths were turned down so far that the corners were almost lost under their chins.

Kristie kept right on going. She went around in circles in the barnyard, around and









## ROUNDAABOUT

around and around. The buggy and Elmer and Einer followed after her.

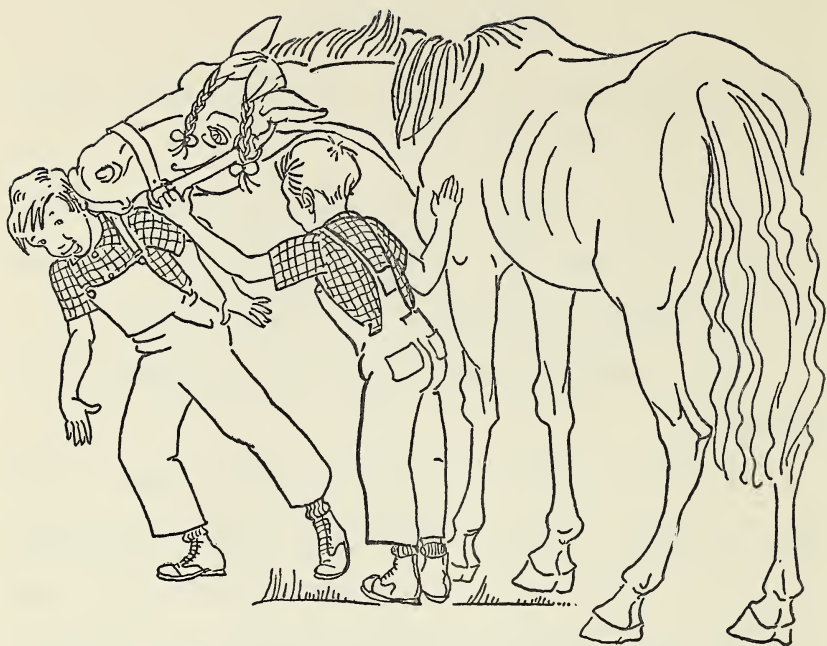
“Well, I never,” said Mr. Iverson, as he caught hold of the reins by Kristie’s mouth. “Whoa there,” he said, “you’ll get dizzy.”

Kristie whinnied and leaned up against Mr. Iverson.

“We’ll yust have to see Axel Peterson,” said Mr. Iverson, “when we go to Town next Saturday. She was his horse a long time before we bought her from him and he will know what is the matter with her now.”

“He’ll know,” said Elmer and Einer, as they climbed down from the buggy.

All that week Elmer and Einer took care of Kristie. Each day they fed her carefully and rubbed her down. She was growing fatter and smoother every day, and every day she grew fonder of them. She whinnied when she heard



their voices and she nibbled at their ears and collars. She was very fond of them.

At last it was Saturday night. Right after supper Elmer and Einer and their father and mother and the hired man drove to Town in the little old green car. They found Old Axel Peterson leaning against the drugstore.

"Hello!" he cried to Elmer and Einer

## ROUNDAABOUT

“Well, how does she go with the buggy? Plenty fast yust?”

“Oh, yes,” said Elmer.

“Plenty fast,” said Einer.

“But she goes in circles,” they said together.

“Ya, she does yust that,” said their father.

“Goes in circles?” said Axel Peterson, squinting one eye. “Goes in circles, does she?” he said, squinting the other.

“Yes,” said Elmer and Einer. “’Round and ’round and ’round.”

“Well, well,” said Axel Peterson. “You didn’t by chance have a whip in the whip socket, did you?”

“Why, yes,” said Elmer.

“We made a whip,” said Einer.

“Then that’s the reason,” said Axel. “Of course she walked in circles. She was looking at the whip, wasn’t she? She doesn’t like whips,

## ROUNDAABOUT

Good Old Kristie doesn't. Of course she was walking in circles."

"So that's it," said Elmer.

"We'll take out the whip," said Einer.  
"Then she'll go."

"You yust take out the whip and you'll see how she'll go," said Axel.

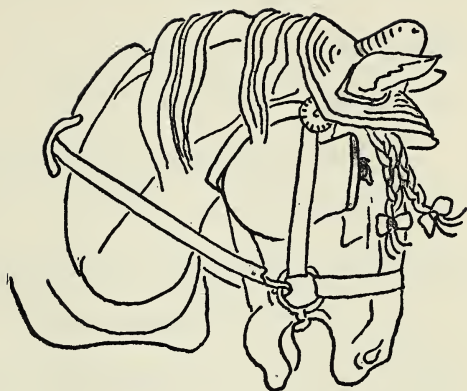
So Elmer and Einer and the family drove back to their farm. Before they went to bed, Elmer and Einer took the whip out of the whip socket. They broke it up into small pieces so that it did not look like a whip any more.

"Now she'll go straight," said Elmer.

"Now we can go swimming," said Einer.  
"Just wait until tomorrow."

They grinned and grinned and grinned as they climbed into bed.

LEFT,  
LEFT,  
LEFT



Elmer and Einer ate their breakfast so fast that they were through almost as soon as they began. They ran out to the barn and their good horse Kristie. They fed her and rubbed her down. They combed her tail and braided her bangs so that they would not blow in her eyes.

They put on her straw hat and pulled her ears through the holes. They tied the hat strings neatly under her chin.



## LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

"Today we are going swimming," said Elmer.

"Just watch us go!"

Their father came and helped them put on the harness. Elmer and Einer led Kristie to the barnyard. Their father wheeled out the buggy. They showed Kristie that there was no whip in the socket to scare her. Then they pulled the buggy up to her and fastened the traces. Everything was ready. Kristie looked happy.

Mrs. Iverson came out of the house with five lumps of sugar. The hired man came out too and sat on the fence. Elmer and Einer climbed up to the seat of the buggy.

"Gid-ap," said Elmer, pulling softly on the reins.

"Gid-ap," said Einer politely.

Mr. Iverson stood by the gate holding his

## LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

breath. He was waiting to see if Kristie would really go this time. Mrs. Iverson stood beside him and held her breath too. The hired man sat on the fence and held his.

Kristie stretched her long thin neck. She stepped out with her four crooked legs and walked quickly through the gate.

“Good-by,” called Elmer.

“Good-by,” called Einer. “We’ll be back for dinner.”

They were grinning so widely that their fat pink cheeks almost shut their eyes.

“Just look at us go,” said Elmer.

“I can hardly believe it is true,” said Einer.

Kristie stepped off along the road. She did not stop. She did not prance or buck. She did not walk in circles. She went just as a good horse should, straight along the road toward the lake.

LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

"See how she pulls us along," said Elmer.

"Good Old Kristie," said Einer.

"Old Axel Peterson was right. She's a fine horse," they said together.

The sun shone down and Elmer and Einer drove on toward the lake.

"See how far we have come," said Elmer, looking back at their windmill.

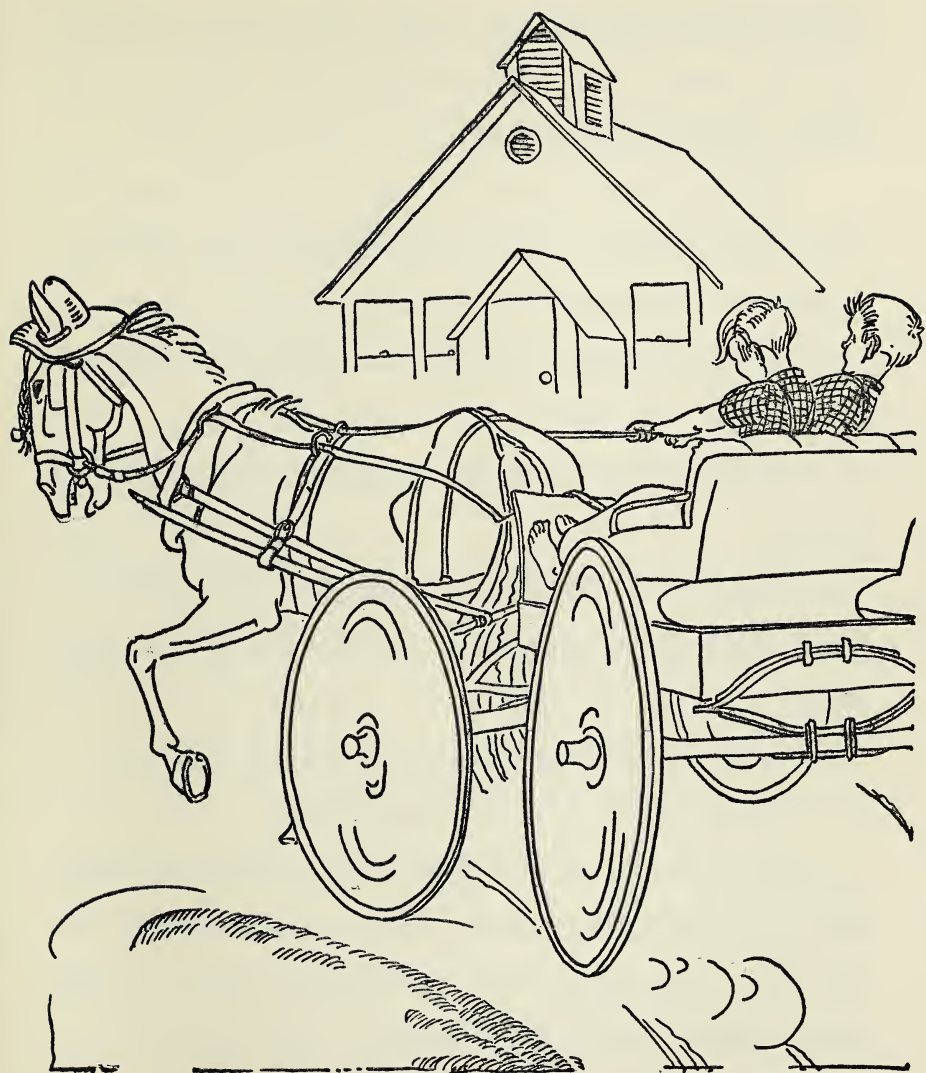
"Oh, yes, she's good," said Einer.

On the left was the road leading to the schoolhouse. When they reached the road, Kristie started to turn into it.

"Oh, no, Kristie," said Elmer, pulling on the right rein.

"Not that way," called Einer, as he pulled too. "We don't want to go to school, Kristie."

But no matter how hard they pulled on the reins, Kristie pulled harder. She bent down her head on its long thin neck and pulled harder.



LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

She turned the corner to the left on the schoolhouse road. And the buggy and Elmer and Einer followed after her.

“Well, we can go this way,” said Elmer.

“It’s a little longer,” said Einer, “but if Kristie likes this way better, we can take it.”

“We’ll turn to the right at the next road,” said Elmer.

“It will take us toward the lake again,” said Einer.

They drove along the schoolhouse road and past the schoolhouse which was closed for the summer. They reached the next road.

“Turn right here, Kristie,” said Elmer.

“Good Old Kristie,” said Einer.

But Kristie turned left. No matter how hard they pulled to the right, she pulled harder to the left. She bent down her head on its long thin neck and pulled harder. She turned the

corner to the left. The buggy and Elmer and Einer followed after her.

“This is just the wrong direction,” said Elmer.

“Yes, we’re going away from the lake,” said Einer, “farther and farther every minute.”

The grins were all gone from their faces. Their mouths were straight and hard.

“It will be a rather long way around to the lake,” said Elmer.

“But if Kristie does not mind, I don’t suppose we should. She’s doing the walking,” said Einer.

Kristie stepped gaily along the road. She seemed very happy. The sun was warm, the road was soft, the buggy was not too heavy. They went between fields of wheat and fields of corn, on and on.

“It’s a long way to the lake,” said Elmer.



LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

"It will be dinnertime before we get there," said Einer.

They came to another crossroad. Kristie turned to the left and hurried along it. And she turned to the left again at the next crossroad and at the next and the next and the next. Every time she came to a road she turned to the left.

"It seems to me," said Elmer, "that I keep seeing the same things over and over. We must be going 'round and 'round."

"And I don't know now which way the lake is," said Einer.

"Nor which way home is either," said Elmer.

"Do you suppose we could stop her?" Einer asked.

"Whoa, there, Kristie," they called out together.

## LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

Old Kristie stopped at once. She hung her head down as if she were tired. She stood with her feet far apart as if her legs were shaky.

“Poor Old Kristie,” said Elmer, as he climbed down from the buggy.

“You’ve gone an awful long way getting to the lake,” said Einer. “Come on home.”

But Old Kristie did not move. She hung her head. She wobbled on her legs. Then she just lay down in front of the buggy.



LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

“She’s so tired,” said Elmer. “Poor Kristie!”

“No wonder,” said Einer, “after coming all this way to get to the lake.”

They sat down beside Kristie and petted her. She whinnied faintly. She was very fond of them. They sat there a long time. They began to grow hungry.

“It must be nearly dinnertime,” said Elmer.

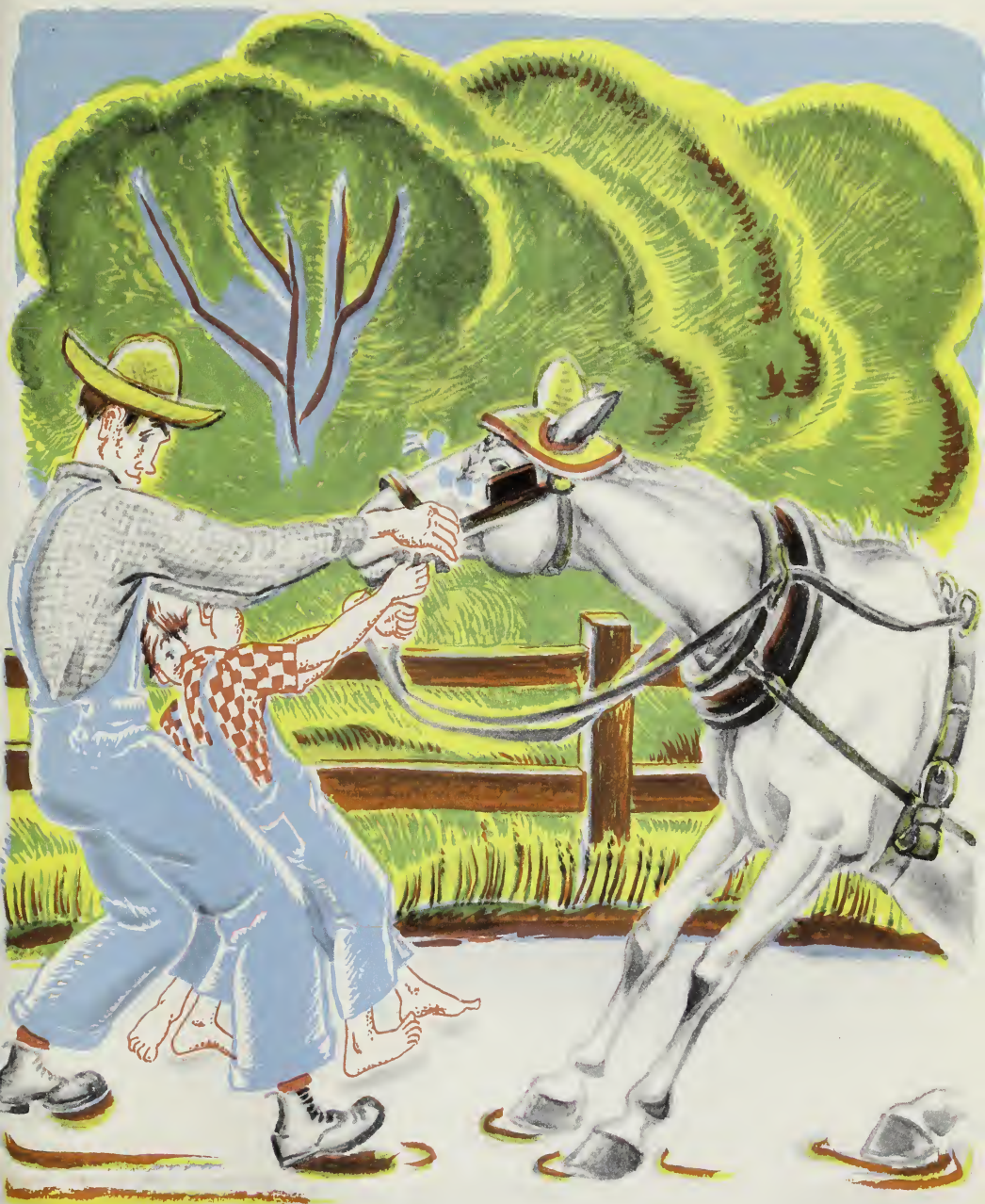
“I think it must be past dinnertime,” said Einer.

Their mouths were very sad indeed. Elmer and Einer had to pinch their lips together to keep from crying.

“If we only knew where home is,” they said together.

Just then a farmer came along driving a farm wagon.

“Can you please tell us where we live?” said Elmer.







LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

“Our father is Mr. Iverson,” said Einer.

“It’s two or three miles that way,” said the farmer. “Did your horse get tired out?”

“Yes, we’ve come a long way,” said Elmer.

“Ever since breakfast,” said Einer.

“I’ll help her up and then I’ll take you home,” said the farmer.

“Oh, thank you!” said Elmer and Einer.

They helped the farmer pull Good Old Kristie to her feet. Then the farmer tied her to the back of his wagon. They went slowly along the road toward the Iversons’ farm.

“Well, I never,” shouted Mr. Iverson. “Where’ve you been?”

“Just driving around,” said Elmer.

“Kristie always turns left,” said Einer. “She just keeps turning left.”

“And goes ’round and ’round and ’round,” they said together.



## LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

“Well, I never,” said their father. “What can we do about that? Go ask Axel Peterson, I suppose, next Saturday night. She was his horse many years before we bought her from him. He ought to know.”

Kristie was very tired the next day and so were Elmer and Einer. But they fed her and rubbed her down as they always did. Every day that week they fed her and rubbed her down. And every day she grew fonder of them. If they did not tie her up, she followed them about wherever they went. She was very fond of them, indeed.

At last Saturday came. As soon as supper was over and the dishes were washed Mrs. Iverson took off her apron and put on her black hat. The family all climbed into the little old green car and the hired man did too. They drove as fast as they could toward Town. Old Axel Peter-

LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

son was leaning against the doorpost of the drugstore as usual.

“Well, hello, there!” he called to Elmer and Einer. “Now she goes, doesn’t she? She goes fine now, doesn’t she?”

“Oh, yes, she goes,” said Elmer.

“She certainly goes,” said Einer.

“But she always goes to the left,” they said together.

“Ya, she always turns left yust,” said their father.

“Well, well! Is she doing that trick again?” said Axel. “Is she doing that again?”

“Yes, she is,” said Elmer and Einer. “What can we do about it?”

“Well, this is what you do about it,” said Axel. “I should have told you before. It’s easy.”

“What do you do?” asked Elmer and Einer. “Because we’d like to go swimming.”

## LEFT, LEFT, LEFT

“This is the way. It’s easy. When she turns to the left, let her turn. You can’t stop her. Then get out of the buggy. Take hold of the reins by the bit and carefully turn her around until she’s heading toward the road she turned off from. See?”

“Then what?” said Elmer and Einer.

“Then climb back into the buggy and drive ahead. When she comes to the road she turned off from, she’ll just turn left again. AND she’ll be going the way you want her to yust. See?”

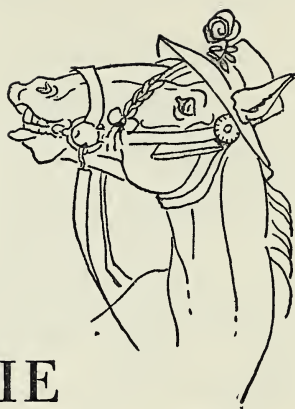
“Why, of course!” said Elmer. “That’s easy.”

“Why, yes, that’s easy,” said Einer.

They were grinning again. They grinned all the way home and they were grinning still when they climbed into bed.

“Tomorrow we’ll just go swimming,” they said. “Nothing can happen now.”

# THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE



Early in the morning before it was time for the sun to rise, Elmer and Einer ran down to Kristie's stall. They fed her and rubbed her down. Elmer combed her tail. Einer braided her bangs and tied bows at the end.

"Today we're going swimming," both boys said. Each of their grins was as wide as the other.

"I'll bring your hat, Kristie," said Elmer.

But the hat was not hanging on the nail

## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

where it belonged. It was not in the stall. It was nowhere to be seen.

“What could have happened to it?” asked Elmer.

“Did we forget to hang it up?” said Einer.

“We must find it right away,” they both said. Their eyes were large and anxious and their mouths as small as small could be.

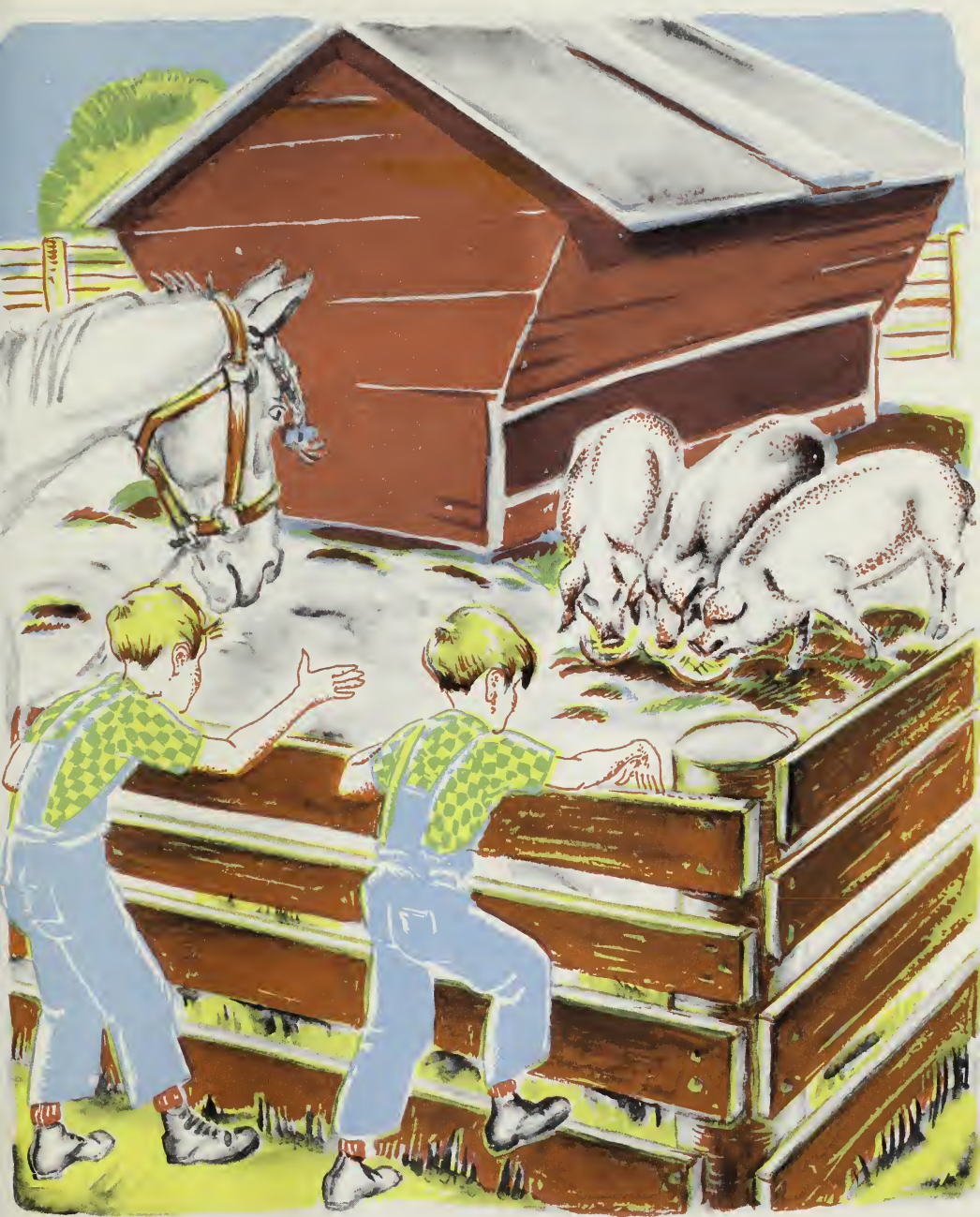
They looked in the well house and in the corncrib. They looked in the silo. Then they looked in the pigyard and there it was. The pigs were eating it up as fast as they could. There was only a small piece of the hat left, not nearly enough to make Kristie go.

Elmer and Einer walked back to the barn and dropped down on the bench by the door.

“What can we do now?” they said. “What can we do now?”

“She won’t go without it,” said Elmer.









## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

“We can’t go swimming,” said Einer. “We’ll never get to the lake till it’s frozen over for skating.”

Kristie came to the door and whinnied.

“She’s wondering what’s the matter,” said Elmer.

“We’d better not tell her,” said Einer. “It would make her feel too bad.”

No one ate breakfast that morning. Mr. and Mrs. Iverson came out to watch the pigs chew the hat. The hired man sat on the fence and watched too. Soon there was not a straw of the old hat left. Kristie’s hat was gone. Elmer and Einer shut their lips tight to keep from crying.

Then Mr. Iverson took off his own straw hat. He pulled his knife from his pocket and opened a blade. He cut a long hole on each side of the hat. It was plain to be seen it was for a horse’s head.

## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

Elmer and Einer led Kristie from the barn. Mr. Iverson put his hat on her head and pulled her ears through the holes. But Kristie did not like the hat at all. It pricked her ears and tickled her neck. The brim was too wide. She began to dance up and down.

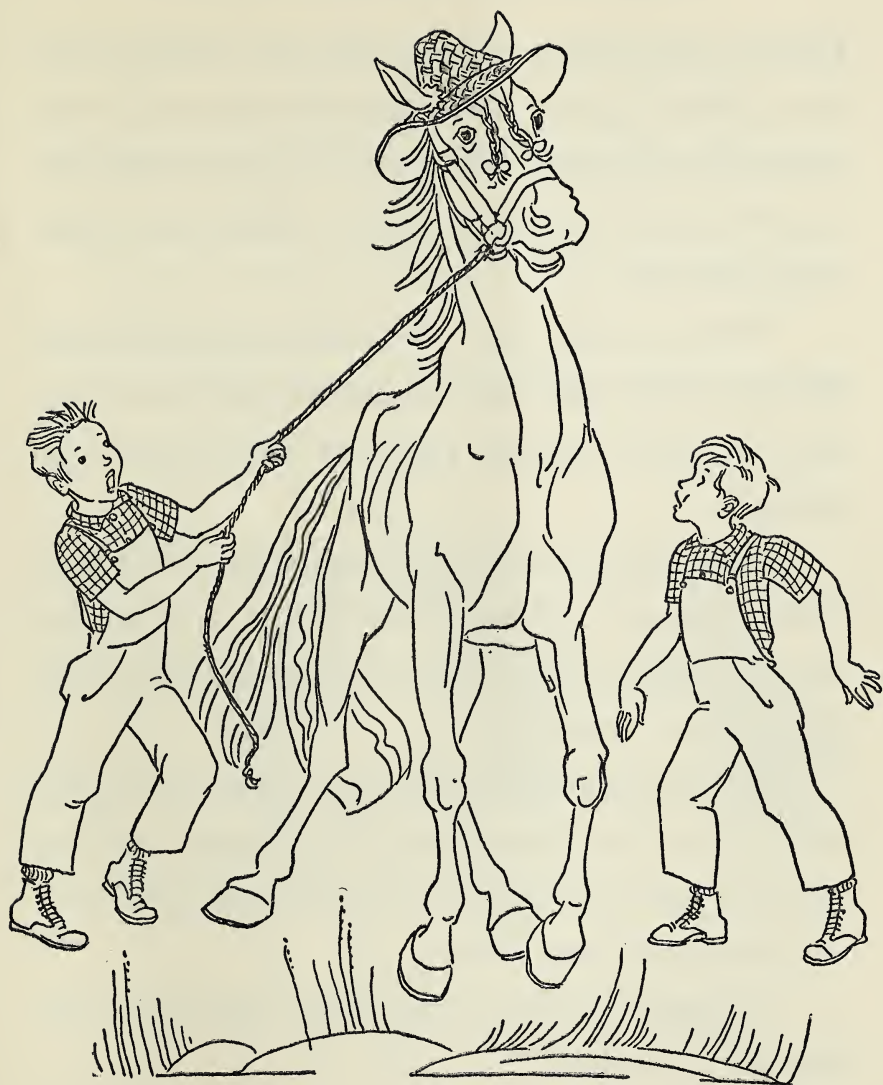
“That will not do,” said Mr. Iverson.

Elmer and Einer ran into the house for their hats. They cut large long holes in each side for Kristie’s ears, very large holes, but the hats were too small. Both Elmer’s and Einer’s hats were too small. They would not even go over her ears. Kristie shook herself from side to side.

“Neither one of those will do,” said Elmer and Einer, and they both sniffed to keep back the tears.

“Try mine,” said the hired man, “only don’t cut the holes first.”

Mr. Iverson held Kristie’s ears together and



## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

Elmer and Einer pulled the hat down over them. But Kristie did not like that hat at all. She snorted and tossed her head. The hat went flying through the air, with the hired man running after it.

“What can we do?” cried Elmer and Einer. What CAN we do? She’s so particular about her hats. It must be just right or she’ll never go again.”

Then they looked at Mrs. Iverson. Their father looked at Mrs. Iverson too, and so did the hired man. Even Kristie seemed to be looking at Mrs. Iverson.

Mrs. Iverson folded her hands in her apron and did not look at any one. Mr. Iverson pulled his hat down on his own head. Bits of hair stuck out through the holes.

“I suppose there is no other old hat in the house?” he asked.

## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

"No-o-o," said Mrs. Iverson. "No OLD hat."

"Then we can't go swimming," said Elmer.

"No," said Einer. "We can't go anywhere at all, even if we do have a horse."

Kristie whinnied and teetered on her four crooked legs.

Mrs. Iverson walked slowly, very slowly,





## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

toward the house. Elmer and Einer rubbed their sleeves across their eyes.

“Well,” said Mr. Iverson.

“Well,” said the hired man.

Then back from the house came Mrs. Iverson. She was carrying her black hat in one hand and she was brushing off the dust with the other. It was the black hat she wore to Town on Saturday nights. It was a good soft straw and it was a fine round size. The red rose was nodding over the front.

“Kristie can have this if she wants it,” she said. “I can borrow it from her when we go to Town on Saturday.”

Mr. Iverson cut two neat holes in the black hat. He tried not to make them too large. Mrs. Iverson pinned on two pieces of ribbon for ties. Then Elmer put the hat on Kristie’s head and pulled her ears carefully through the holes.

## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

Einer tied the ribbon bow under her chin.

"This is a beautiful hat for you, Kristie," said Elmer and Einer.

Then they stood still and held their breath. Mr. Iverson held his breath too and Mrs. Iverson held hers. And the hired man held his.

Good Old Kristie whinnied and nodded her head. The red rose bobbed over the brim.

"She likes it," said Elmer.

"Oh, she likes it," cried Einer. "Let's go swimming right away."

Mr. Iverson helped them harness Kristie to the buggy. Mrs. Iverson brought her six lumps of sugar. The hired man stopped on his way to the fence to pat her nose.

"Good Old Kristie," everyone said.

Kristie whinnied. She was very fond of everybody. Elmer and Einer climbed up on the buggy seat.

## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

“Gid-ap,” they said.

Out through the gateway stepped Kristie. She looked very fat and happy. The black hat shaded her eyes and the red rose bobbed over her nose. Along the road toward the lake she walked. When she turned left at the school-house road, Elmer got down and turned her around just as Axel Peterson had told them to. Then he climbed back into the buggy.

“Gid-ap,” said Elmer and Einer.

Kristie stepped forward and turned the corner to the left.

“Isn’t it easy?” said Elmer, when they were on the right road again. “Isn’t it easy?”

At the next crossroad Einer climbed down and turned her around.

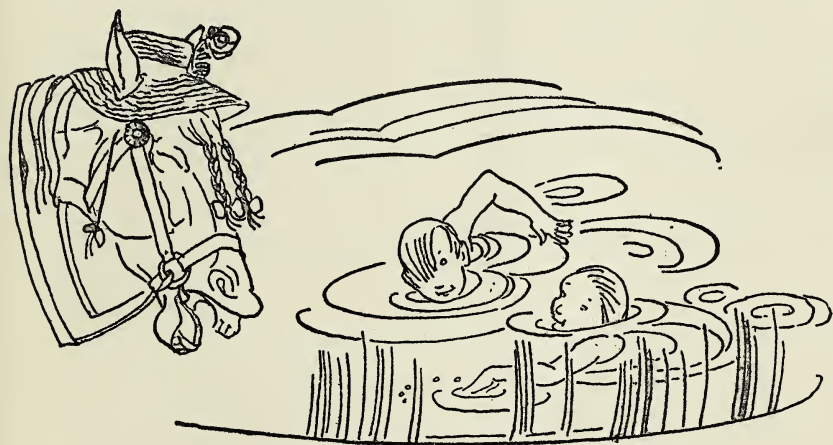
“Isn’t it easy?” he said.

Elmer and Einer were grinning and grinning. They grinned all the way to the lake. And

## THE GOOD HORSE KRISTIE

when at last they were in swimming, they grinned so widely that they almost gulped the lake right down. If they just did things the way that Kristie wanted them done, wasn't it easy? They could go swimming every day! She was a fine old horse, the very best horse in the world!

“Good Old Kristie!”





## EMMA L. BROCK

*All her life Emma Brock has wanted to travel. When she was two years old her family moved from Fort Shaw, Montana, where Emma was born, to Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Her recollection of life at this military post is a strange mixture of snowstorms, Indians, and the fun of learning to read and to write. From Minnesota the family moved to Colorado, then back to Illinois, and once again to Montana. During all these years Emma Brock was storing up impressions which were to help her write the stories which boys and girls like to read and re-read. As a little girl she liked to study history, geography, and arithmetic. But she didn't like spelling. Imagine an author not liking to spell!*

*After studying in the more advanced schools of New York and Philadelphia, she returned to Minneapolis, where she studied at the University of Minnesota. She then decided that she wanted to learn to draw, so back she came to New York. What a busy happy life she led in the big city, working at her*



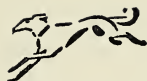
EMMA L. BROCK

*art and taking time off for visits to the zoo, to museums, and to the theater! Soon Miss Brock began to draw pictures for children's books.*

*And then came her first journey to Europe, followed by another, and still another. It was on these trips that she saw the peasants in the fields and in the markets of France, Italy, Holland, and Austria, about which she later wrote such delightful stories. THE RUNAWAY SARDINE, THE GREEDY GOAT, LITTLE FAT GRETCHEN, are all friends from across the seas. From Sweden came Sigrid and the twins. Perhaps Miss Brock, who still likes to go "a-journeying," will bring other friends and other stories for American boys and girls to meet and to enjoy.*

L. J. B.

## A NOTE ON THE TYPE



The text of this book was set on the Linotype in Baskerville, a facsimile of the type designed by John Baskerville, Birmingham, England, in 1754. The original Baskerville type was one of the forerunners of the "modern" style of type faces. The Linotype copy was cut under the supervision of George W. Jones of London.

The book was composed, printed, and bound by *H. Wolff*, New York. The color plates were reproduced in photo-offset by *Colorgraphic Offset Co.*, New York.

*e ph. l. ps offset.*





# JUVENILE

## DATE DUE

	APR 25 1983		
MAR 30 1982			
JAN 31 1984	APR 24 1983		
	APR 18 1983		
MAR 15 1984	APR 15 1984		
	APR 07 1994		
MAY 1 1985			
MAR 5 1985			
MAR 4 1985			
JAN 16 1987			
JAN 12 1987			
MAY 28 1987			
MAY 1 1988			
JAN 18 1989			
JAN 30 1989			

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# HERE COMES KRISTIE



**REINFORCEMENT:** McCain side-sewn through sheets and exposed drill cloth endpaper joints using #6 linen thread having a tensile strength of 40 lbs. plus 2 side wire stitches. Cover is of impregnated cloth over binder's board glued tight to back of book. It is washable, damp-proof, and soil resistant. **GUARANTEE:** This book is guaranteed for the life of the sheets.